

PICKENS SENTINEL.
 PICKENS, S. C.
 J. E. BOGGS, Proprietor

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

BY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.
 We cannot better entertain our
 following beautiful story which
 clip from Word and Works:

Who believes in his heart that the
 y of the "Babe in the Manger,"
 ever cease to thrill the hearts of
 tals? It never will as long as
 ce are human hearts to love and
 e. It never will! The angelic
 nouncement to the shepherds will
 w in interest, beauty and joy
 i: time shall be no more. It will
 e remain an immortal pleasure to
 a to hear and think and sing of
 e shining angels coming down
 e plains of Bethlehem to pro-
 e to the humble and astonished
 pherds the glad news of the Sav-
 e's birth.

How often in our own childhood,
 well as man's maturer age, have
 in vivid imagination brought the
 nderful scene before us, and what
 eful thrills of joy and surprise
 ngled with fear have we realized.

We have drawn, in our hot,
 iddish fancy, a dim, Judean land-
 e unrolled and slumbering in
 e soft, oriental night, with fleecy
 mps of feeding and reclining
 eads revealed here and there in
 e star-strewn sky with the shepherds
 e and there, heavy with slumber,
 e on the ground.

on the heavens blaze with an un-
 eadly burst of angelic wings and
 eard their with their sweet, heav-
 eful faces turned downward upon
 e astonished watchers. Lo! in their
 eautiful song which goes on echoing
 e down the ages, we have felt like
 e being upon the earth with an over-
 e-whelming wonder which could not
 e defined. Oh, blessed, cloudless
 e morning of guileless, credulous
 e childhood, we shall never return to
 e enchanted sanctuary—we shall
 e never hear again from a sweet moth-
 e's lips on the glad Christmas morn-
 e the story of the angel announcement
 e the birth of Jesus; but all its
 eauty and joy and all the immortal
 eges kindled by it are with us to
 e day—a heavenly heritage which
 e one can depreciate or destroy,
 e and all the transitoriness of life,
 e and undiminished things, the
 e of our happiness—and how has
 e, and it now is, in maintaining
 e childhood's dream which hangs
 e earth and skies on the happy
 e Christmas morning with the tapers
 e of love and hope and joy and
 e which listens in faith to the angels
 e saying:

"All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace,
 Goodwill to men from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease."

It was nothing more than natural
 that the shepherds should have
 e been amazed by such an unearthly
 e display of heavenly forms and
 e and voices—it was no more than
 e should realize if we should sud-
 e ly surround ourselves in the midst of
 e surroundings; but it has always
 e been strange to us that such
 e could be the case—that man who is
 e the object of Divine love and so-
 e litude, should shrink and shudder
 e faint at the approach of heaven-
 e messengers, whose very natures
 e aflame with love for us, and who
 e cry as they come, "Fear not,
 e behold, we bring you glad tidings
 e great joy." We profess to believe
 e God and that there is a heaven
 e filled with angelic and spirit-
 e intelligences—how the whole uni-
 e verse would be draped with the
 e despair without such a faith—and
 e so little do we meditate upon such
 e things, so unreal are they to us
 e in a huddling with the dull bound-
 e of natural earthly things, that if
 e supernatural light should suddenly
 e blaze about us and heavenly forms
 e reveal themselves and songs artu-
 e culated from angel tongues burst upon
 e ears, we, too, would shake with
 e astonishment and fear and fall down
 e dead men with our faces in the
 e dust. So mightily do our carnal na-
 e tures bear us down and bind us in
 e density and servitude to sublimary
 e things. God of wonder and grace,
 e we bless thee and thank thee, not
 e withstanding our low estate, that thou
 e hast created us for higher things and
 e that thou shalt yet fit us for com-
 e panionship, without fear, with Thy
 e glorious family in heaven.

But this heavenly visitation did
 not necessarily burst unheralded upon
 e human eyes and ears. The com-
 e ing of Him "who was foreordained be-
 e fore the foundation of the world" had
 e been proclaimed through all the ages—
 e all the sacrifices offered since the
 e promise that the seed of the woman
 e should bruise the serpent's head,
 e from the blood of Abel to the close of
 e the sacrificial dispensation, had their
 e only real significance in and pointed,
 e as with a flaming index finger, to the
 e final coming of the Lamb of God.
 e All the beautiful histories of Abra-
 e ham, Moses and Joshua, of Joseph
 e and David, and all the Kings and
 e Prophets, were intended as prepara-
 e tory to the final revelation and work
 e of God in the coming of Jesus Christ.
 e This great purpose of God, running
 e through all the opening ages, is plain-
 e ly seen, like an unbroken golden cord,

stringing all the ancient scriptures
 into one unfolding and harmonious
 design. Great and momentous in-
 e terests to individuals and tribes and
 e nations attached literally and locally
 to the lives and offices of men and
 e women who were temporary instru-
 e ments in the development of God's
 e great plan; but the paramount signi-
 e ficance of all was the prophetic rela-
 e tion they bore to the advent of Him
 e whom God has promised as humani-
 e ty's great Prophet, Priest and King.
 e For long, dark ages, moral night hung
 e almost universally about the world,
 e but from time to time prophetic stars
 e would rise and shine and burn on the
 e black horizon as gleaming harbingers
 e of the coming day. But as the neu-
 e luminoous members of world systems
 e shine only in the reflected light of
 e burning, central suns, so every hu-
 e man planet in the prophetic galaxy of
 e ante-christian days, at his best and
 e brightest shining, hung only as an
 e orb of light in the gross darkness,
 e reflecting the effulgent rays of the al-
 e glorious Sun of Righteousness which
 e was to arise with healing in His
 e wings.

One thing that has always staggered
 e human faith and hope is, that a
 e thousand years with God is as one
 e day, so that men in all ages, in their
 e great impatience, have counted that
 e God is slack concerning His purposes
 e and promises. But children grow
 e impatient with the most loving pa-
 e rents, who are making all possible
 e haste to supply their wants. The most
 e startling thing in the history of the
 e world is, that even a day with God
 e finally comes to an end. At last, in
 e the fullness of time, the long, dark
 e night of thousands of years was about
 e to disappear, and all the prophetic
 e lights to see themselves in the per-
 e fect dawn of day. Men on earth are
 e not only impressed with the fact that
 e a great revolution from heaven is
 e about to be accomplished, but the an-
 e gels themselves, who for ages have
 e desired to understand the mystery
 e of God's promise concerning the chil-
 e dren of men, have solved the prob-
 e lem and understand that a Redeemer
 e—one who is mighty to save—is about
 e to be sent. This is a beautiful and
 e blessed thought and one which com-
 e ports clearly with reason and revela-
 e tion, that is, that above us and near-
 e er to the Divine Mind is an angelic
 e order of intelligences, who are in full
 e sympathy with us, and who first re-
 e ceive from the Infinite Father new
 e revelations of His purposes, and who
 e go through the uttermost parts of
 e earth as ministering angels, im-
 e pressing the minds of men with that
 e which is come to pass. It is a truth
 e that "coming events cast their shadows
 e before," and there is a divine
 e cause for the unexplained phenom-
 e na. Oh, beautiful earth, baring in
 e midheaven, compassed with sound-
 e ing seas, and rolling rivers and plains
 e inhabited by men who bear the im-
 e age of God, and overhung with the
 e infinite and starry skies—what a spec-
 e tacle! And yet what a lone, lost
 e atom is all the round world and all
 e that moves upon it and what despair
 e stalks and all the stars and in all
 e the fields of space if there are no
 e heavenly intelligences and heavenly
 e voices above us and beyond us!

The earth and its environments are
 e but a beautiful suburb, with sun lit
 e avenues of light leading into the great
 e city of God, and the angelic mes-
 e sengers are moving in and out, im-
 e pressing the minds of men with the
 e fact that things are coming to pass
 e on the earth—things which for ages
 e have been foretold by God's prophets
 e and which have been on record in the
 e Divine Word, but which through hu-
 e man unbelief and indifference have
 e been neglected and forgotten.

The greatest event in the history
 e of creation is now about to transpire
 e—the minds of men are now ready
 e for it, and they are searching the
 e prophets and watching the gates of
 e heaven for the advent of Him who
 e was to come. Poor, afflicted shep-
 e herds, why are ye so dismayed? The
 e vision at which ye tremble and fall
 e upon your faces and faint is but the
 e proclamation of earth's emancipation
 e from sin and death. Great old Isa-
 e ah's prophecy of hundreds of years
 e is at last fulfilled. "A child is born,
 e unto us a son is given, and His name
 e shall be called Emmanuel, Wonderful
 e Counselor, the Mighty God, the ever-
 e lasting Father, the Prince of Peace."
 e A select company of reforming angels
 e are commissioned to fly to the hills of
 e Bethlehem and make the official an-
 e nouncement. What a privilege, what
 e angelic distinction and honor must
 e have been conferred upon the angels
 e who are sent to deliver the message
 e of the blessed errand. In our childhood,
 e it gave us unspeakable pleasure to be
 e selected by parents or teachers as the
 e bearer of good news, especially as
 e the bearer of messages of pardon and
 e forgiveness to those whose offenses
 e and disobedience had led them into
 e suffering and trouble. If others were
 e appointed with us they had to be
 e fleet of foot not to be outstripped by
 e us in the race. And so eager would
 e we be to communicate the message of
 e pardon and good will that we would
 e cry out as we ran, "It's all right!
 e It's all right!" Who will say that
 e such divine emulation did not burn
 e in the hearts of the fleet-winged
 e couriers appointed to bear the mes-
 e sages of God's forgiveness and love to a
 e sin-smitten world? Certain it is that
 e one nightly angel outran all the rest,
 e and as he rushed through the silent,
 e overbrooding night in the eagerness
 e of his great angelic soul, he shouted
 e down to the astonished shepherds,
 e "Fear not," it's all right, "for behold,
 e I"—not we—I bring you good tidings
 e of great joy." And then, as if in haste
 e to tell the whole blessed story, just in
 e the same breath, he continued, "For
 e unto you is born this day, in the city
 e of David, a Saviour, which is Christ,
 e the Lord!" Scarcely had he ended

the joyful words when the angelic
 multitude, whom he had distanced in
 the flight, rushed into view, and find-
 ing that there was nothing left for
 them to tell, poised on their shining
 wings in mid-heaven, they burst with
 one voice into that choral song which
 is sounding on, and which shall yet
 fill all the earth and skies with music
 and joy, "Glory to God in the high-
 est! Peace on earth! Good will to
 men!"

Oh, joyful, magical, blessed Christ-
 mas time! May the echoes of that
 heavenly song fall in the sweet melo-
 dies of pardon and love, and peace
 upon every heart and every home into
 which this message shall come! May
 every soul be touched and softened in
 to the tenderness and love and pity of
 Him who came in the manger, who
 poured out upon the world the bound-
 less love of God, and who went up
 from us into the mansions which He
 is preparing for us in our Father's
 house by the way of the Cross and Olive!
 Who is to pass from the home circle
 on earth to the home above the coming
 year? Shall mother, father, hus-
 band, wife, brother, sister, friend, be
 with us when Christmas comes again?
 Oh, let this be one of unalloyed love
 and joy. Let those who have full
 hands open them to the empty palms
 of those who are poor and needy. Fill
 every home with joyful surprises to
 the dear, confiding little ones, and ev-
 ery heart with loving remembrances
 of Him whose blessed birth the whole
 round world is celebrating. Let es-
 tranged and separated friends and
 neighbors meet, forgive and weave
 around each other's hearts and homes
 again the strong, tender ties of love
 and friendship. Those whom we
 ought and whom we intended some
 time to forgive, will not be here next
 Christmas time, or we ourselves will
 be beyond the reach of the long in-
 tended but long delayed forgiveness
 and love of others when the holy bells
 ring out another happy Christmas
 morn. Oh, let Christ come in! Let
 peace and love and joy fill earth and
 heaven.

Clerk's Sale.
 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
 County of Pickens.
 W. F. Hayes, et al.
 vs.
 D. E. Hendricks.
 Complaint for partition.
 In pursuance of a decretal order
 made in the above stated case by
 Hon. W. H. Wallace on 27th Nov.
 1893, I will sell to the highest bid-
 der before the court house door at
 Pickens during the legal hours for
 sale, on

Saturday in January
 next, the following described real
 estate to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or
 tract of land lying being situate in
 the county and State aforesaid, on
 head waters of town creek, containing
 three hundred and eighty seven (387)
 acres more or less, adjoining lands
 of T. W. Hill, A. Roper and known
 as the George Hendricks home place,
 will be sold in three tracts, plats of
 each tract will be on file in the
 clerk's office and exhibited day of
 sale.

Term: One third cash, balance
 on one and two years time secured
 by bond and mortgage of the premi-
 ses sold.

B. B. Crane,
 vs.
 Eliza A. Miles, et al.
 All that piece parcel or tract of
 land in the county and state aforesaid,
 on branch waters of Wolf
 creek, adjoining lands of W. T. Bow-
 en, Russel Lake, Mary Ann Smith
 and others, containing one hundred
 (100) acres more or less.

Also all that other piece parcel or
 lot of land in said county and state,
 near the corporate limits of the town
 of Pickens, and south of said town,
 containing twenty six (26) acres more
 or less, on which Bannockburn Arter
 now lives.

Also all that other lot or parcel of
 land adjoining lands of Henry Law-
 rence, Wesley Griffin and Jacob
 Griffin, and the last above mentioned
 tract, containing twenty acres (20)
 more or less.

Terms of all the above mentioned
 tracts in this case, cash on day of
 sale, purchaser to pay for papers and
 recording the same.

J. M. STEWART,
 Clerk of Court.

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