

IT IS SAID

He who loves so far serves.—William Ellery Channing.

No man can lose what he never has.—Izaak Walton.

Nature is a volume of which God is the author.—Moses Harvey.

Matrimony,—the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.—Heine.

We love any forms, however ugly, from which great qualities shine.—Emerson.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with noble virtues.—Goldsmith.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow.—Lord Chesterfield.

Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.—Thomas Fuller.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest, easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life.—Addison.

My idea of the Christian religion is, that it is an inspiration and its vital consequences—an inspiration and a life—God's life breathed into a man and breathed through a man—the highest inspiration and the highest life of every soul which it inhabits; and, furthermore, that the soul which it inhabits can have no high issue which is not essentially religious.—J. G. Holland.

Worth Remembering

God does not demand impossibilities. Do what you can.—St. Augustine.

The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?—Benjamin Franklin.

If you want a really lovely world without, you must make the world within bright and lovely.—David Gregg.

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—McLaren.

Christ has come to live in the hearts of men, and by that presence he makes them priests unto himself.—Rev. H. I. Rasmus.

Yesterday can not be recalled; tomorrow can not be assured; today is only thine, which if thou procrastinatest, thou loosest, which lost is lost forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent, What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?—Trench.

You can always borrow trouble without collateral but it is a cinch that you will have to pay compound interest at usurious rates.

If you desire to save a man, you must look for the best in him not the worst. And you must let him know it. To tell a person he is a child of the devil, or act as though you so considered him, is not the way to induce him to become a child of God.

WITH THE POETS

Did you ever watch the sunbeams
At play among the flowers?
Or ever see the little stars
A-shining after showers?
I think the little children
Were made for shining too,
To make this old world brighter,
Don't you?

Have you ever seen the lambskins
Out in green meadows frisking?
Or spied a gay red squirrel
Along the branches whisking?
I think the little children
Were made for playing, too,
Because they're happy-hearted,
Don't you?

Did you ever see the farmer
His sheaves of ripe wheat binding?
Or ever catch the miller
Just when the corn was grinding?
I think the little children
Were made for working, too,
To be the big folks' helpers,
Don't you?

Did you ever find your pussy
Upon the hearth rug sleeping?
Did you ever watch the chickens
When darkness comes a-creeping?
I think the little children
Were made for sleeping, too,
When each long day is over,
Don't you?
—The Mayflower.

A Temperance Hymn

O brothers, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise;
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trumpet is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious,
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes;
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.
—The Christian Observer.

Courage

If on a narrow precipice thou find-
est thy way,
Look up—a downward glance
will bring dismay
And certain death,
Courage!

Or if thy way o'er tiresome plain
doth lead,
Look out, not in. Beholding
other's need,
Forget thyself.
Courage!

But whether precipice or plain
thy path,
Look forward with strong heart.
He victory hath
Who ne'er turns back.
Courage! Courage!

Must Pay the Penalty

Frank M. Jeffords and Ira Harrison were convicted last May of the murder of John C. Arnette in his filling station in Columbia on May 9. The conviction was on May 20, a record for speed in South Carolina Appeals were taken and the supreme court has denied the appeals. The State says:

The two cases were remanded to the court of general sessions in order that the date for the electrocutions may be set, and the two men will accordingly be brought before Judge Thomas J. Mauldin at the November session for resentencing. Glenn Treece, convicted with Harrison and Jeffords of the murder of Arnette, was recommended by the jury to the mercy of the court and is now in the state penitentiary serving a life sentence.

A Pleasure Exertion

"Why, Nellie dear, said the little girl's teacher, 'I haven't seen you for several days.'"

"None," replied Nellie; "I've been on an exertion with mamma."

Thomas Nelson Page

The State.

The death of scarcely any other American could bring to the people of the South a keener sense of personal loss and distress than that of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and, though a Virginian and a Southerner of the warmest feeling and loyalty, he will be almost equally mourned in other parts of the country. With a pathos and sweetness hardly equalled his stories of the South brought home to the country the trials and the sufferings of the Southern people during and after the Confederate war, but they were told with a gentleness that could give no offence—his nature was so generous and full of manly goodness that no word of bitterness escaped his pen. It may, perhaps, be said that no other Southern writer of fiction who has taken the period of the '60s and the years following, its people and events, for his theme has succeeded quite so well in awakening a n understanding sympathy for them in other parts of the country. The simplicity and beauty of "Mars-Chan" and the tales that followed it were irresistible in their appeal.

As ambassador to Italy during the World War Mr. Page acquitted himself with distinguished credit and served the Republic with a rare sagacity. His naturalness, his frankness, his humor were the qualities that not only commanded the confidence of the Italian people but endeared him to them, so that much of their bent of mind was swiftly toward our country in the months following his departure. Twice in the last dozen years Mr Page visited Columbia, his second visit having been made in the spring of 1921 when he delivered two or three addresses. Many of our people, who came into brief association with him, will remember him as the kind of man to write "Red Rock" and "Two Little Confederates" and they have an affection for him that no other distinguished visitor of a few days could have inspired. With the people of Richmond and of Virginia and of the country they sorrow at the death of the most loyale and brilliant gentlemen who served so faithfully and to so great a purpose.

Padrick Found Guilty

Below is press dispatch telling the world that another criminal has been dealt with. When God's word declares a man's sin will find him out it means what it says.

The fact that the former preacher was tested as to his sanity possibly accounts for a life rather than a death sentence. He also slew his wife.

Statesboro, Ga., Nov. 1.—Elliott Padrick, youthful former Methodist preacher, was found guilty of first degree murder in connection with the killing of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mamie Lou Dixon, last June, the jury returning a verdict early tonight with a recommendation for mercy. The verdict automatically carries a sentence of life imprisonment.

The jury's verdict was reached after consideration of the case that lasted since 9 o'clock this morning.

Satisfaction with the verdict and sentence were expressed by Padrick as he was led from the court room by Sheriff Joe Tillman to begin his life imprisonment.

"I will not appeal," he said; "I am well satisfied with the verdict."

What a Democratic Vote Means This Year

There has never been a national mid-election in which there were so many important domestic issues directly affecting the interests and welfare of all the people.

A vote for Democratic candidates this year will mean that the voter is voting against:

An extortionate profiteers' tariff act which taxes the American people between \$3,000,000,000 and \$4,000,000,000 and increases the already high cost of living.

A revenue act which relieved the big taxpayers of over a half billion dollars with no corresponding relief for the smaller taxpayers.

A proposed Ship Subsidy bill which would dispose of \$3,000,000,000 worth of merchant ships for less than one-tenth of their cost and give a bonus of \$750,000,000 to private interests commonly known as the Shipping Trust, together with a loan of \$125,000,000 at two per cent and exemption from taxation.

Newberryism, Daughertyism and Nat Goldsteinism and the scandalous appointments by this administration.

A policy which created a treasury deficit of \$8,000,000,000 for this fiscal year while the administration makes a pretense of economy.

A policy which caused the loss of our foreign trade and foreign markets, resulting in bankruptcy to farmers and others.

The rejection of Henry Ford's plan of a national system of appointments and the assassination of the Civil Service.

Thomas Nelson Page

Thomas Nelson Page, diplomat, scholar, author, and statesman, died Wednesday November 1. From The State of Nov. 2 the following is taken:

Within the four walls of the edifice in which the funeral will be held many distinguished men and women, who now dwell in the lore that is Virginia's past, have bowed the head and bent the knee. Here his ancestors prayed for the new republic and in like manner the dead statesman had worshipped within these walls since his childhood. The little church—"Old Fork"—so named because of its location in the fork of the Pamunkey river—stands in the middle of an old field, now grown up with grass and weeds which obliterate the pathways leading from the high road to the colonial edifice where Patrick Henry, Dolly Madison and other notables worshipped. It is a quaint structure, with its tall columns standing majestically as proud survivors of the colonial days, when the "colonial magnate" Thomas Nelson reigned on an original grant as the first settler of that name in eastern Virginia.

Five generations of Nelsons and Pages have worshipped within the walls of this quaint old church, where tomorrow another member of these two distinguished Southern families, who bore the ancestral name with a dignity befitting the traditions of his race, will rest silently as his friends and admirers throughout half the world chant the last words of earthly tribute.

Monuments to the Doctors

Doctor—"Well, I consider the medical profession very badly treated. See how few monuments there are to famous doctors and surgeons."

The Patient—"Oh, doctor! look at our cemetery."

OUR EXCHANGES

Lancaster News.

The original Declaration of Independence made and signed by the Revolutionary patriots of Hartford county, Md., at a meeting in Hartford Town on March 22, 1775, is still in existence. The declaration is older than that of the Mecklenburg, N. C., patriots, which was signed in May, 1775, and antedates by more than a year the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776. Hartford Town is now called Bush and the house in which the meetings was held was an old tavern, the ruins of which are yet to be seen.—Fort Mills Times.

What does the Charlotte Observer have to say about this?

Charlotte Observer.

During the progress of the railroad strike in Tennessee, Charles Lanier, a shopman, was killed and three men were arrested on charge of the murder. The case was taken up five weeks ago and the lawyers have succeeded in consuming all that time in selection of a jury. It was only yesterday that the twelfth man was accepted. In Asheville, a youth was kidnapped and manhandled. Three men were arrested for the offense, were tried, found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary, all within the course of three days. It seems that the lawyers can almost always and generally throw the machinery of the court into high or low or reverse, as the interests of their clients might require.

Aiken Journal and Review.

The arrest of a minister, in the upper section of the state, for violation of the national prohibition act is the latest. The minister was arrested Sunday night, October 1st, for having in his possession a quart of corn whiskey, which was carried in the same bag with two Bibles. This arrest took place after a prohibition sermon—Next!—Tugaloo Tribune.

Against that minister, by the way, who was a simple mountaineer, we can point to thousands of God fearing, booze hating clergymen who practice daily in their lives the lessons that they teach. This parade of the weak-willed unfortunate teacher who fell does not lessen the fact that drink is a raw curse of the land, and the holding up to ridicule of the poor weakling who tripped by the wayside cannot and does not gild or garnish the booze bottle, the booze maker or the bootlegger. Rather, in our opinion, such exposition only serves with a smarting sting to show the cruel fangs of the snake. The mountaineer Baptist preacher caught with "moonshine" in his Bible sack is no sample of the great army of Christian gentlemen who are fighting the liquor curse for the salvation of men's souls. Why search the bin for the specked apple?

Mrs. Brown's Joke

"I could have laughed outright," said Mrs. Brown, "when we were going round Barnum and Bailey's menagerie on Friday."

"Why, what happened?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Well, Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course, she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was, it wasn't a giraffe at all. It was a camomile."

MORAL ISSUES

Daily Food

The Bible should be the Christian's daily bread. A child, to grow in size and strength, must have good food and plenty of it. So the Christian must feed plentifully upon God's Word. Moreover he must feed with appetite. The child that finds no pleasure in three meals a day needs medicine, or exercise, more than food. So the Christian who does not find God's Word sweet to the taste, should look for the cause of his distaste.—Sermons for Silent Sabbaths.

Thank and Think

It was no accident that extracted the words "think" and "thank" from the same root. So countless are our blessings that one has only to set his mind reflecting and his heart will at once leap into praise. Nor was it a bungling hand that built the word "contemplation" (con-plus-templum). He who begins to meditate upon the goodness of God is ushered forthwith into a great temple where worship becomes an instinct and a delight.—John Balcom Shaw.

An Evening Thought

Certainly in our own little sphere it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know it is not necessarily those who are the busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the road after some great discovery, that the lives like the stars, which simply pour down to us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.—Ex.

Power In Weakness

It is often the strong man that falls before the power of evil. If Samson had been a weaker man he might have been a safer man. He would have been less self-confident, more vigilant and cautious. But he believed himself equal to any emergency. It is sometimes the young man of brilliant talents, superior advantages, and splendid fortune who goes down in time of temptation. Let not the strong man glory in his strength. Trust in the Lord. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."—Exchange.

The Two Extremes of Life

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," says George Macdonald, "then I feel that I have wrought with God." To make an old person happier more comfortable, more hopeful—that is, to put the touch of rosy sunset into a human life is one of our most sacred privileges. It is a special privilege of youth to cheer old age. How naturally an old person turns to a young person for sunshine! It is beautiful to see the sympathy that subsists between the two extremes of life. In some respects youth and age are as like as sunrise and sunset; and it seems to be God's blessed will and plan that each should turn to the other for help. It is in the power of every young person to bring sunlight into the life of some old person, to impart that "touch of rosy sunset" which is so sweet to the aged pilgrim who is drawing near the close of life.—Selected.