

**Open the Door of Your Heart.**  
Open the door of your heart, my lad,  
To the angels of love and truth.  
When the world is full of unnumbered  
joys.

In the beautiful dawn of youth,  
Casting aside all things that mar,  
Saying to wrong, Depart!  
To the voices of hope that are calling  
you.

Open the door of your heart,  
Open the door of your heart, my lass,  
To the things that shall abide,  
To the holy thoughts that lift your  
soul.

Like the stars at eventide,  
All of the fadless flowers that bloom  
In the realms of song and art  
Are yours; if you'll only give them  
room.

Open the door of your heart,  
Open the door of your heart, my friend,  
Headless of cross or creed,  
When you hear the cry of a brother's  
voice.

The sob of a child in need,  
To the shining heaven that o'er you  
bends.

You need no map or chart,  
But only the love the Master gave,  
Open the door of your heart.

#### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

**Wanderers From God Invited to Come Under the Sheltering Wing.**

A familiar illustration from the barnyard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort and protection that affords to all trusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii. 37. "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved and apostrophes, saying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as simile? Next to the opposition of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stumps and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its headress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants is warmth. Many years ago a man was floating down on the ice of the Merrimac, and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice he got hold of a plank thrown to him and twice he slipped away from it, because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out, "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time!" and, this end was hauled to shore. The trouble is that in our efforts to save the soul there are too much coldness and icy formality, and so the imperiled one slips off and floats down. Give it the other end of the plank; warmth of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings. The world declines to give it, and in many cases has no power to give it, and here is where Christ comes in, and as on a cold day, the rain beating and the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wing, and the warmth of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet of the infant group of the barnyard, sa, Christ says to those sick and frosty and disgusted and frozen of the world. "Come in out of the March winds of the world's criticism, come in out of the sleet of the world's assault, come in out of a world that does not understand you, and does not want to understand you. I will comfort, and I will soothe, and I will be your warmth, 'as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing.' Oh, the warm heart of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts. Almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog or a hawk or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears did not dash upon his holy soul? What break of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the kennels? Yes, the hen takes the storm for the chickens and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the break down in the mudshow that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self-sacrificing even unto death! And does it not make you think of him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood spattered wings, are night shadowed wings, are tempest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her finger on an open Bible and pointing to the words. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

The fact is that the most of them will never mind the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the grogshops, there are the gambling-hells, there are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism, there are the bad books, there are the impurities, there are the business rascallies, and so numerous are these assailants that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky; they have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal; the vulture prefers the carcass; the falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beast give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various.

Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scawny, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" And the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd. Remember, your children will remain

children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talented woman. She replied: "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work ten years and on the other five years—my two children. They are my life work." When the house of John Wesley's father burned and they got the eight children out, John Wesley the last before the roof fell in, the father said: "Let us kneel down and thank God. The children are all saved. Let the rest of the place go." My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the act that many of them were born in camp and were used to warfare scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the mother's fault. "Ye would not" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and was deplored her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside "Immediate" and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness are almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver. But when I say that the arctic is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop 50 degrees below zero, and in that which will a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to denounce and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave.

#### A NEW LAW.

**The Dispensary Profits to be Given to the Schools.**

The State Superintendent of Education more than a year ago directed attention to the fact that the dispensary authorities had invested in liquor a lot of money belonging to the public schools of the State. There was no way for the funds to be gotten for the schools, and the dispensary authorities claimed that the funds were needed as assets upon which to conduct the enormous business of the dispensary over two millions of dollars a year.

Well, there are some great men and there are many good men, but greatness and goodness are rarely combined. Addison says it takes both to make a man complete. Such, for example, as Washington and Robert E. Lee. Job says great men are not always wise and he might have added most of them are mean, selfish, heartless and ambitious. Lord Bacon, for instance, who took bribes while on the bench, and Cromwell and Napoleon. Webster was a very great man and long has been my ideal of greatness. He was called the Godlike, sometimes his human nature overcame him. And so with Henry Clay and Bob Toombs. The great weakness of the people is idolatry. Partisan or sectional or religious idolatry. Every man who climbs up where the people can see him is either a saint or a sinner, according to our politics, our section, our creed.

That the directors of the State dispensary shall pay over to the State treasurer by Jan. 1st, 1904, in equal semi-annual payments all of the school fund reported by them in excess of \$400,000 for the benefit of the common schools of the State, to be apportioned by and paid out on the warrant of the comptroller general as is now provided by law for the apportionment and payment of dispensary profits for the benefit of said schools, provided that the first payment shall be made on the 30th day of June, 1902.

Section 2. That from and after the approval of this act, the directors of the State dispensary shall make a quarterly statement for the purpose of ascertaining the net profits accruing to the State from the sales made from the State dispensary and shall pay over the profits so ascertained to the State treasurer within ten days thereafter for the benefit of the common schools of the State, to be apportioned by and paid out on the warrant of the comptroller general as is now provided by law for the apportionment and payment of dispensary profits for the benefit of said schools. The first settlement made under this act shall be on the 31st day of March, 1903.

Section 3. That the county treasurers of the several counties of this State shall not pay to the authorities of the several cities and towns entitled to dispensary profits, their share of such profits except upon the warrants of the county board of control and county auditor issued to the authorities of said cities and towns, when settlements are made by them as required by law.

War of Revolution—Out of a total population in all the States of the Union, of say 9,293,214, that of the South was 1,792,710, contributing 7.64 per cent of the troops, as against a population in all the States other than the South of 2,136,504, which latter, in all contributed only 11.22 per cent.

War with Mexico—Of the whole population of the United States, of say 23,191,876 that of the South was 5,21,425, contributing 5 per cent of the troops, as against a population in all the States other than the South of 13,670,439, which latter contributed only 4.72 per cent.

Spanish-American War—Out of a total population in all the States, of say 76,303,548, contributing 2.27 per cent, as against a population in all the States other than the South of 50,855,839, which latter contributed only 3.19 per cent.

War of Revolution—Southern States contributed 36.35 per cent of troops.

The act has been approved by the governor.

#### Nagged Them On.

The Manchester Union says "undoubtedly Senator Spooner, in the course of debate, nagged Tillman into the row with McLaurin; but it is a rather slim excuse for Tillman. Senators, it ought not to be necessary to remark, should be above the level of street urchins who fail to fight to the finish."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the wagon shed and the house and the room where you played and the fire-side with the big blackdog before which you sat and the neighbors and the burial and the wedding and the deep snowbanks and hear the village

#### BILL ARP ON THE FIGHT.

**He Is Not Disgusted With Tillman for Scrapping in the Senate.**

I was ruminating about the fight. It is common property and everybody has the right to talk about it. Tillman did wrong in jumping over three desks to strike McLaurin. About one desk was the limit of propriety. Three desks gives a man time to cool and that makes it against the law to fight. As to the time and place, that is of no consequence now. There was a time in the days of Webster and Calhoun and Tom Benton and Henry Clay when the United States Senate was as sacred almost as a church, but now a large majority of its members have their places by conduct infinitely more disgraceful than fighting. Bribery and corruption have got so common that a man can't get there without using a big pile of money and making a lot of promises. Of course, I do not include our southern senators, for they haven't got the money. If we had some millionaires in Georgia, Clay and Bacon would have to step down and out. And I am not so disgusted with Tillman for fighting in the senate chamber. He had reason to believe that his partner had received promises, and I reckon he had. He certainly had great expectations or he would not have flopped over to the Republicans so suddenly. Politicians have to be paid for their votes. Tillman is a true man, but he is not a great and good man. I admire him for some traits in his character. He cannot be bribed or intimidated. He dares to say what he believes and he uses his pitchfork with impunity. He is impetuous and combative, but he is sincere and everybody admires a sincere man. Sincere is one of the strongest and best words in our language. It literally means unsealed—without wax—for in the oldest times letters were sealed with wax, but if it contained no secret it was not sealed at all for cost money. Tillman is a bold, defiant, stubborn man, but he is not great. A great man like Webster or Calhoun would have said to McLaurin: "Well, sir, if I am a liar I deserve the epithet. If I am not, then you deserve it, but I shall not stoop to give it." I wish we were all that great. This thing of resenting the charge of lying with a blow is a strange perversion of propriety. A man may gain his ends by cheating, swindling, over-reaching, hypocrisy, bribery or concealing the truth, but you must not call him a liar.

He may break all the commandments, but don't call him a liar, though that is not in the Decalogue. All that I regret about the fight is that Spooner did not call Tillman a liar and get mauled for it before McLaurin came in. I want somebody to whip Spooner. He was the teaser that brought on the fight and was delighted that it occurred between the two Carolinian senators. With his party it is no crime to shoot down ten thousand Filipinos, who refuse to give up their country, but it shocks them awfully to have a little fracas in the senate chamber.

At the last session of the legislature there was some talk that the dispensary keeps too large a stock on hand, and an investigation was suggested by some, but the matter went up in smoke. However, the legislature passed an act reducing to \$400,000 the amount of school funds to be used as assets in the State board. The act also provides a more specific mode for apportioning and declaring the profits. The new act says:

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#### The Potato Crop.

Prepare for a large sweet potato crop. They make cheap hog food.

They are good to have in the family about eight months in the year. Any variety of the yellow kind is good for table use. Fo: hogs and cattle the large red kind, are more prolific. Land should be pulverized 3 to 12 inches deep. Plant in two-foot rows. If you use commercial fertilizer and phosphoric acid, 300 pounds and 200 pounds cotton seed meal for two acres.

The Illinois Central road intends to plant several rows of catalpa trees along its track from Chicago to New Orleans to furnish crosses in the coming years. The distance is 900 miles. Over 200,000 trees will be planted.

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#### A NORTHERN VIEW.

**What A Leading Paper of New England Says About**

**THE MCLAURIN-TILLMAN ROW.**

Says Everybody Knows What the Facts Are and That There

is no Need of an Investigation.

Second—The state has the limit of property.

Third—The state has the limit of property.

Fourth—The state has the limit of property.

Fifth—The state has the limit of property.

Sixth—The state has the limit of property.

Seventh—The state has the limit of property.

Eighth—The state has the limit of property.

Ninth—The state has the limit of property.

Tenth—The state has the limit of property.

Eleventh—The state has the limit of property.

Twelfth—The state has the limit of property.

Thirteenth—The state has the limit of property.

Fourteenth—The state has the limit of property.

Fifteenth—The state has the limit of property.

Sixteenth—The state has the limit of property.